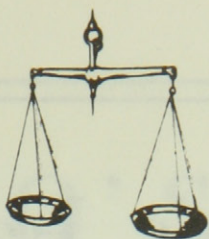


Quid Novi



VOL. V NO. 1

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McGILL UNIVERSITY FACULTY OF LAW
FACULTE DE DROIT UNIVERSITE MCGILL

September 12, 1984
12 septembre, 1984

McGILL UNIVERSITY

CONFERENCE ON SELF-HELP

On November 17 the L.S.A. Committee on Community Affairs will hold a conference entitled Montreal Conference on Community Legal Self-Help. The conference is designed to bring together local community groups, members of the legal professions, of law faculties and of the government so as to increase the level of communication of public legal information among these organisms. The conference is meant to be a springboard for the establishment of a permanent communications network which will keep community groups up to date on the most recent developments in the law and allow them to have access to reports of relevant legal research projects.

Planning for the conference has already begun, but more input is needed if the conference is to be successful. There are many opportunities for involvement and if you're interested in finding out more about the conference, come to a meeting which will be held Monday, September 17 and 1 p.m. Additional details will be posted.

You can also contact Todd Sloan, Holly Cullen, or Bettina Karpel for information. (Messages can be left in the L.S.A. office.)

**Conférence de Montréal
Sur l'Aide Juridique
Communautaire Autonome**

Le 17 novembre, le Comité

des affaires communautaires pertinents de projets de de l'A.E.D. tiendra un colloque intitulé Conférence de Montréal sur l'aide juridique communautaire autonome. La conférence est destinée à rassembler les groupes communautaires locaux, les membres des professions légales, des facultés de droit et du gouvernement afin d'améliorer le degré de communication d'information juridique publique entre ces organismes. La conférence servira de tremplin pour l'établissement d'un réseau permanent qui tiendra les groupes communautaires à jour des développements récents dans la loi et qui donnera aux groupes l'accès aux rapports de recherche juridique. La planification pour la conférence a déjà été mise en marche mais il faut plus de participation afin d'assurer que la conférence sera un succès. Si tu es intéressé(e) à savoir plus au sujet de la conférence, tu es invité(e) à une réunion qui aura lieu lundi le 17 septembre à 1 hre. La chambre de réunion sera annoncée sur des affiches.

Tu peux aussi contacter Todd Sloan, Holly Cullen ou Bettina Karpel pour de l'information. (Tu peux laisser un message au bureau de l'A.E.D.)

EDITORIAL

Over the course of the year I hope to fill you in on what is in the works for the LSA by writing a column for Quid Novi. This should be a useful way of supplementing talking with people personally and holding meetings and General Assemblies.

A great deal of work went into Orientation events and I would like to thank, in particular, the Program Board made up of Sandra Stephenson, Cheri Bell, Jacqui Lacey and Mitchell Brownstein. The V.P. Civil Bettina Karpel did much of the organizational work singlehandedly. All of the club members, student volunteers, and Faculty members who gave their time deserve a lot of thanks for introducing first year students to McGill Law School in a warm and informative manner during the first day tours. The Election Night party was a crowded, though fortunately not too heated, affair, and together with dinner the next Thursday night, proved to be a good way for people to get to know each other. I urge first year students to continue participating in law school activities. You never have so much work that you can't afford to get involved in the student groups here, and to know people helps preserve one's sanity.

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A Sop's Fables

A Stream for Everything and Every Hole in His Place

The squirrels that proliferate in Montreal autumns were not always so timid, retreating, and efficient. At one time they were the scions of venerable institutions and enterprises. They had schools, jobs, and courts. Their demise is widely, and erroneously, attributed to their undiversified economy: nut gathering. The end of the squirrels' dominion did not result from the effects of cottage industry stagnation, supply-side inefficiencies, or any of the other theories established by historians. Rather, the squirrels were the victims of a chestnut tower dream: the stream dream.

The story begins with the haphazard policies of societal ordering that were born in the last days of Ol' Red Face's reign. Ol' Red Face was actually a Grey Squirrel, but the elegant composition of countenance and corpus made the physiognomy so striking it could not go unnoticed. In popular histories he is largely forgotten, but his Dutchboy-at-the-dykes policies simply were the first cause of the squirrels' final self-recusation.

From autumn to autumn Ol' Red Face and his ministers would change how many of which kind of nut would suffice for each of the four levels of society a squirrel would pass through. (Squirrels only live three or four years, unless they go into administration.) At one point social mobility was in fact, though not in theory, abandoned when all levels had their own separate and disparate requirements for quotas. In order to attain the same degree of societal benefit at that time, one

3-year-old would need gather six horsechestnuts, and two dozen walnuts while another 3-year-old had to forage for sixteen horsechestnuts, eight dozen walnuts and a couple of scores of peanuts. Ol' Red Face and his gang from their lofty boughs looked down on their gatherers' works and saw an effective, if uncoordinated, system achieving the society's goals, although this with some complaint over the unequal burdens.

The chief was philosophical about it all (or liked to think he was), especially as he knew the problem would not be his for long. He was old, and redder every day, and just as geese know when to go south, he knew that he was almost done for. In a fit of forward-looking fantasy, Ol' Red Face named a junior to function as Societal Coordinator in his last year of power. He hoped that this would provide continuity when a new toothsome administrator assumed the twigs of office.

With the appointment of Flar Littlebrown complete, Ol' Red Face retreated to his walnut hole to fade away gracefully, as ever. The branches and burrows were a titter with new hopes of equality of work and benefit. Flar was seen as the squirrel's squirrel: a critter that knew nuts from berries and who, more importantly, knew systems. Fables circulated of Flar's pre-appointment days when he had devised a system for his own tooth grinding that kept his teeth always within one hair and one-quarter of his own scientifically-determined optimal length. Flar's manner of recycling the same nuts also was commented upon favourably: it indicated a

thoroughness in planing that would be so essential in the post-Red Face days. Rodents everywhere joyfully awaited Flar's new policies.

Flar, of course, took his work seriously. He meticulously analyzed "the problem," and reified the solution. All he needed was the method to go from the one to the other. Now, Flar went back to his own experience and applied it.

Flar had come from a place far away across the waters, a place where water circles counterclockwise down the drain. He had ended up in Montreal, an island around which, necessarily, water flows. These hydrodynamic realities greatly impressed the scurrying, nervous Flar. From them his first, official, original thought was born: Streaming. Societal ordering for these arboreal, land-based creatures would be modelled on water. Surely this was brilliance in the raw.

"Streaming" meant that squirrels would progress through their lives in an ordered way. The irregularities in nut quotas was abolished. Each level had its own requirements, which had to be fulfilled in order to pass on to the next level. There was no more gathering of huckleberries by two-year-olds: huckleberries were only four-year-olds' manna. And, two-year-olds did not need to worry that marauding three-year-olds would grab up all the hazelnuts before they could get to them: hazelnuts were reserved to two-year-olds. "Simply marvellous," they all commended.

Soon, however, craftier, or more treewise squirrels were thinking ahead. If the

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FABLES

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chestnut trees were bounteous one season, two year olds would gather the excess nuts that remained after the "streaming" requirements for three year olds had been satisfied (chestnuts were for three year olds only under Flar's doctrine). This way, it was felt, social ordering could be accomplished while the benefits of the individual season were not neglected. Flar was a single minded administrator, however, and he stuck to his one idea. "Nature be damned," he snorted, "rules is rules. Even Nature has laws and an order. So shall Squirrels."

Hugh and Khry Blackcoat, brothers of foraging fame, rose. They tried to demonstrate the flaws in Flar's plan. Flar tenaciously clawed his one idea. In fact, he held it so firmly that it split into two ideas. Not only would "streaming" be kept as a political buzzconcept, but there would be added "holing". This pigeon brainwave was, Flar felt, uniquely applicable to squirrel society. By means of "holing," order could be maintained in "streaming".

What "holing" entailed was the restrictive placing of all credited nuts. Chestnuts were all kept in one spot and could be deposited there only at a certain time, which time was coincident with hazelnut (two year olds) and elderberry (one year olds) deposits. A grand scheme, Flar felt. And so, retentively, he went scheduling deposit times and places. But "streaming" and "holing" were not limited to chestnuts, hazelnuts, walnuts, and two kinds of berries. There were also peanuts, brazil nuts, corn, wheat, rye, bridge mix, fruit bits, almond and peacans, pumpkin and sunflower seeds, tostitos and fritos, and even pomegranate seeds. But the

great believer in pigeonhole plans and their immutability (Flar) could not imagine any difficulty. Others could.

Hugh and Khry rose again. "How can a three year old whose streaming allows chestnuts, corn, pumpkin seeds, tostitos, and horseradish root, ever manage to deposit enough of them when five of the six are "holed" at the same time?" they queried. Flar responded, "Scheduling

is difficult, but necessary. It must be followed." The debate ended there. Squirrels were not unionised back then, and Hugh and Khry subsided.

The outcome of the squirrels' story is obvious to any autumnal parader. Rather than an organized group of individual rodents working towards a common goal, squirrels now live solitary, unsided.

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EDITORIAL

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Two matters deserve some comment. First, a number of people have approached me concerning bumping from upper year courses. I have been assured by the Dean and Associate Dean that flexibility will be shown in order to help upper year students fulfill degree requirements. I think it is only fair, however, that we cannot insist on a right to be in a particular section of a course or to take booked up electives out of sequence. Having said that, if you find that the system is unduly rigid or working unfairly against you, do not hesitate to approach anyone on the LSA council. There are things that can be done.

Second, the Exam Schedule has come out and, as is to be expected, is not to everyone's liking. Let me say first of all that the Class Presidents had a thankless task in compiling the schedule and Seti Hamalian (in particular) is to be thanked for taking a great deal of time and trouble.

It is worth explaining certain constraints upon those planning the fall schedule. First, the incoming class was given priority in setting a convenient schedule. Second, those taking courses out of sequence (such as myself) will have to take some lumps. Third, because of this year's calendar, only ten days were available for scheduling. Fourth, because of time pressure on professors, large courses could not be scheduled for the last days. In going through the schedule, the major problem to be avoided was placing significant numbers of people in the position of taking 3 exams in 2 days or 4 exams in 3 days. The tradeoff is that significant numbers of people have 3 exams in 3 days or 4 exams in 4 days. I can fairly say that the schedule which was produced creates the least awkwardness for the greatest number of students. Nevertheless, if you find that you are faced with an impossible situation and that dropping courses is not an option, please approach the class presidents or myself. The Dean has promised flexibility in administering the timetable if truly difficult situations arise. Finally, a propos the ridiculously short period allotted to the exam timetable for the fall, we may wish to raise again the possibility of beginning the term earlier as is done at many other law schools. I would like to hear your responses to such an idea which could be discussed at the next Faculty Council meeting.

Richard Janda
LSA President

Quid Novi est une publication hebdomadaire assurée par les étudiants de la faculté de droit de l'université McGill, 3644 rue Peel Montréal, H3A 1W9. La publication est rendue possible grâce à l'appui du bureau du doyen, de l'Association des étudiants en droit ainsi que par le financement individuel des étudiants. Les opinions exprimées sont propre à l'auteur. Toute contribution n'est publiée qu'à la discrétion du comité de rédaction et doit indiquer l'auteur ou son origine.

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trusting lives. They forever scurry up the wrong tree and grab after any piece of real fuse offered to them. They dread society now because Flar attempted by his version of it to eradicate their several, and Nature's singular, individualities. So, next time you offer a bit of popcorn to some bushy-tailed creature, think of this history, of Flar, and of the streaming as hole.

Mark Dresser

Quote of the Week

"Notaries should all be replaced by a good insurance scheme. They were needed at a time when few people knew how to write."

Me Charbonneau
Sept. 7, 1984

WHO'S ON FIRST?

by Richard Quon

As most of you are well aware, the Quid Novi's great and creative sports columnist (Wayne "the Biscayne" Burrows) has finally left jock strapdom and his smelly sweatsocks behind for the lure of three-piece suits and professional ambulance chasing. Therefore, I've been given the enormous task of covering his former beat. But, be forewarned, I don't know anything about serious writing so bear with me as I take a stab at sports journalism.

Anyways, to begin, I think this feature is about baseball. No, it's not about the losing Expos, but about the defending men's softball champions from within our own faculty. Maybe you've seen them around. They're that bunch of brainless jocks who walk around the school wearing extremely odorous clothes and noisy cleats. I thought Neanderthal Man was extinct, but I guess I was wrong.

Furthermore, I thought American universities were prone to recruiting illiterate student athletes for their sports teams, but scuttlebug has it that McGill Law School is now guilty of such practice. The most obvious case is that of first-year student, Billy Rosenberg, who failed every course he took while spending six years as an undergraduate (I stand corrected as he did pass one course in the Faculty of Education). He was accepted into our academically oriented school because his batting average was higher than his I.Q.

Meanwhile, they tell me it's the start of another season for those brawny boobies who call themselves law students. In fact, I just caught an exhibition game

between team Dolus Bonus (formerly Mens Rea) and the law professors. Don't ask me what these pedestrian-type words mean, they're probably contrived softball lingo, for it's certainly not the Queen's English. Actually, I'm surprised these Mensa rejects can use polysyllabic words. Unfortunately, while I do have a duty to report objectively and honestly on journalistic events, I can't divulge the final outcome in that historic game as I'm in one of Professor Klinck's classes and it would be nice to pass the course.

However, I did get a chance to talk with coach and field general Bobby Katz about his returning players. He tells me the team has lost only two members from last year's undefeated championship team. I suggested that maybe Roger Cutler is still buried under the six feet of snow that fell during last year's championship game played on December 2nd and that he really didn't graduate after all. (Like I said previously, you really have to have intelligence to play softball in a winter blizzard.)

Coach Katz says the team will miss the leadership of Burrows and Cutler, but this year's team has really improved after playing summer ball on the Arctic Circle. They have 3 year veteran Brian "the Big Stick" Ward, who scores more off the field than on, patrolling centre field. Richard "do you want to be a Peruvian citizen" Epstein is on first (not who); player-coach Katz is at second base again and Rookie Rosenberg plays short most of the time (I think that means short a few marbles). To round out the infield is Bruce "Vein" Randall, who decided to give up his

The Steamé Challenge

As usual, with the advent of another year at Chancellor Day Hall (CDH), one issue rises to the fore and temporarily captures the imagination of the legal masses. This issue in the past has led to friction at LSA Council meetings, casebooks being left uncracked until the supplementals, and classes unattended.

Absolutely no one can have peace of mind or subdued tranquillity, an inner feeling of being at one with the cosmos, until the issue is resolved: "Where is the best hot dog in Montreal?"

While lesser mortals have wilted at the thought of undertaking such a difficult task, the Quid decided to embark on an independent enquiry on behalf of the student body.

After much consultation the Quid decided to combine empirical research, sociological and psychological considerations and an analytical legal approach to inaugurate "The Steame Challenge". We'll take the issue to the students; they know a good wiener when they see one.

As with any serious piece of writing one must define terms. There are many names given to a wiener stuck between a set of buns: hot dog, heizes Hund, chien chaud (a distant relative of hambourgeois), frankfurter, tube steak, le steamé or a steamie. In Montreal the term "steame" seems to be most frequently applied to a wiener on a bun. Wieners are not simply boiled or fried but steamed.

The Steame Challenge took place on Sept. 6 at 1:30 over at the renowned steame place at the Montreal Pool Room (MPR). When research calls,

all is sacrificed. The MPR makes no pretensions: you can order steames, fries, steames, pop or more steames.

The success of the owner of the MPR rests on his eight-inch steame a little else has to be offered lest it take away from the flavour of the steame. A number of intrepid law students engaged in The Steame Challenge: If this steame is not the best, name the one that is?

Ian "Fearless" Fraser was first to take up the challenge. "The bun was soft and nicely warmed," he stated, "but it must have been difficult to cram the wiener between such a minor cleft. As a result, the mustard and shredded cabbage had a tendency to spill over the sides of the bun". Mr. Fraser thought such minor irritants were compensated for by the quality of the wiener.

Others were not so charitable. Jane Graham was overheard to remark, "I'm not impressed by the size of the wiener; the ones at the First

Year Orientation Day were larger."

Richard Janda preferred a more philosophical approach: "Though the quality of the MPR steame can hardly be challenged, and the ambience definitely one conducive to good fellowship, what role does the steame play in contemporary Quebec society?"

"Is the steame just an 80¢ fix at the MPR, or does it represent an integral part of Quebec culture?" Janda opted for the latter, noting that when out of town friends visit Montreal and ask to go to a Quebecois restaurant, it's not Les Filles du Roy or even Schwartz's, but the MPR.

Gary Lawrence, another participant in The Steame Challenge, waxed eloquent: "This is a fine steame. In fact, uh, life is like a steame. Law students are like, uh, the wiener, coming to the law school experience cold, but slowly heated up by the tactics of profs, then covered up by layers of

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\$40,000 plus a year articling job on New York's wall street to return to another year, to handle grounders at third base, instead of clients.

(That's dedication or...). Left field belongs to "Stormin'" Norm Dionne, who spent his summer buying clothes in Europe. He is still by far the best dressed man on the field and in the classroom. And finally the "King" returns. The "King", a sophomore, who shall remain nameless, was sent down to the farm team in Alberta this summer to dry out, and has been officially recalled after his time in Detoxica-

tion centers was greatly reduced. He will be given the right field position if he can remain sober during the game.

The only worry of Coach Katz this year is the whereabouts of home run ace, Mark Ciarallo, who is reported to be in California recovering from a broken wrist he received while breakdancing on his last home run trot around the bases. Otherwise, Katz says this is Year Two of a sports dynasty.

Well, readers, excuse the excess verbiage, but serious sports writing should be left to the experts. (Where are you Wayne Burrows?)

Richard Quon

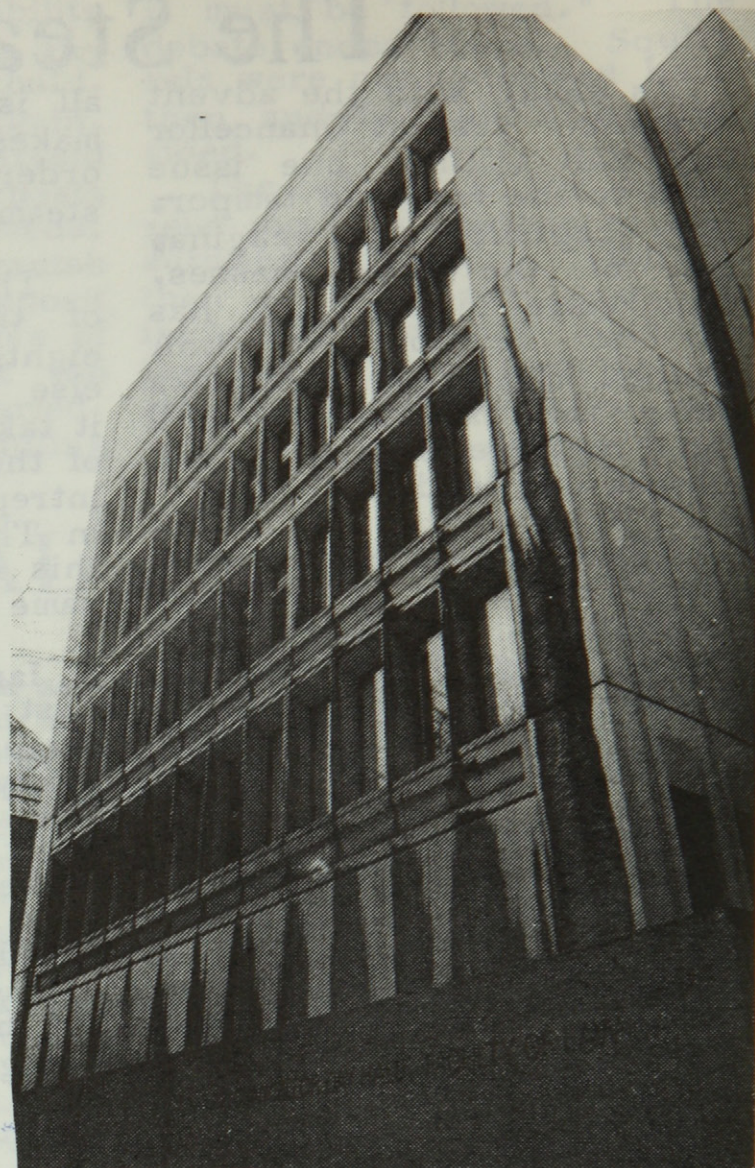
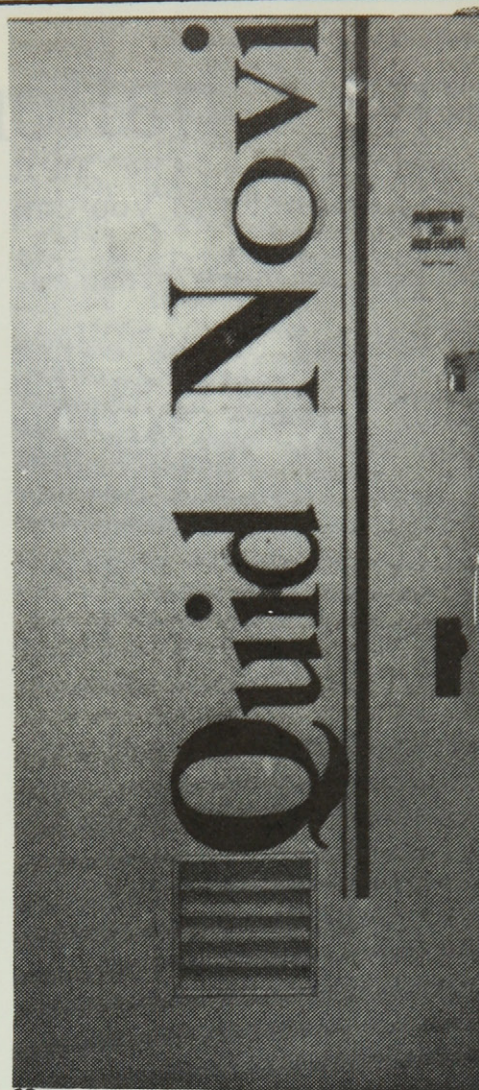
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shredded cabbage casebooks, and finally smeared with mustard exams." He added, "It's, uh, like you have to make it through law school without getting eaten up." An important concept to remember though, is "that underneath you're still the same person; you take away the mustard and you're still a wiener."

Dan Bilak spoke for all the participants when he provided a Bilakian historical analysis of why the majority of the participants sided with MPR steame. "It was the MPR," the Bilakian thesis went, "that first popularized the mass consumption of the steame among the lower and middle classes of Montreal. While the actual taste of an MPR steame differs little from the plethora of copycat steames, it is a somewhat mystical experience for Montrealers to consume a steame at the source of the subsequent romantization. In short, the MPR is the Mecca of steamers (i.e. those who eat steames) whereto mini pilgrimages are periodically made."

For the intrepid who wish to participate in The Steame Challenge and "taste the difference," the MPS is located on Blvd. St. Laurent just below Rue St. Catherine.

Rick Goossen



SPORTS

Intramural Sports

Outdoor sports Sept. 10-14: See sports board in "Pit" for teams sign-up sheets.

Men
soccer
football
baseball

Women
soccer
(1983 champs)

<u>Men</u>	<u>Women</u>
hockey	hockey
basketball	basketball
volleyball	volleyball
floor hockey	

Note: Intramural teams provide training for upcoming Law Sports Tournament in January 1985. (Ed. Note: Thereby McGill can avoid the Canada Cup syndrome.)

Indoor Sports Oct. 1-10.

The Dean's Reception

Attend the social highlight (i.e. gratuitous libations) of the fall semester. This could be the one time you will see pros at a party; normally drinks are sold at slightly above cost.

Where: Medical Annex,
3708 Peel St.

When: Thursday, Sept. 13, 8:00 p.m.

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